

GABRIELLE DEPIERRE DEFEATS HER SUICIDE FATHER.

Though Paul Depierre, Ex-Consul of France, Broke His Word to Her.

PROMISED HE WOULD LIVE

Gabrielle Had Been Watching Him, but for a Time She Relaxed Her Vigilance.

GAMBLING WAS HIS RUIN.

His Daughter, Fifteen Years Old, Loyal, Protects Her Father's Memory, and to Inquirers Answers "He Loved Us."

Gabrielle Depierre is a devout Catholic. She went to bed on Monday evening with



Killed Himself Despite His Promise to the Children.

Paul Depierre, once Vice-Consul of France at New Orleans, was a slave to the gambling habit. It had driven his wife from him, but his little daughter Gabrielle and her brother Rene were loyal. Depierre confessed to the girl that he intended to commit suicide. Moved by her pleadings, he promised not to. "Then dark clouds came," the child says. Depierre was found dead yesterday, with the gas tube he had used dangling beside him. Gabrielle only cries and says: "Papa didn't break his promise. He only changed his mind."

a prayer on her lips and trust in her heart. Her father had given her his word not to kill himself. Yesterday morning she awoke to find that he had broken it.

In the little back kitchen of what had been his home, seated in a stiff wooden chair, his head drooping to one side, the odor of escaping gas about him, with a rubber tube just fallen from his mouth, lying limply across his knees, Paul Depierre, ex-Vice Consul of France at New Orleans, was dead. He had carried out the threat of suicide, which he made in a letter, sent to the newspapers on Sunday night. His fifteen-year-old daughter, Gabrielle, had succeeded in once frustrating his plan. On this occasion she had relapsed her vigilance. All day yesterday Gabrielle Depierre held the fort at the little home in Sixty-seventh street. During most of it she sat with her arm about her younger brother, Rene, defending their dead father's reputation and refusing with astonishing discretion and determination to reveal any facts not bearing directly upon the case.

"It is not true that we are starving," she said indignantly at the first opportunity. "My father was a gentleman, and provided for us as usual. We never suffered in the least in any way. I was always as well-dressed as I am at this moment. And our home—well, it is dismantled now, but it was always well furnished, even luxuriously."

"The child's lips formed themselves into a straight line, and her black eyes flashed under their short lids. She was extremely well-dressed, and so was her brother. Everything about them bore witness to the truth of her assertion. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed, perfectly mistress

of herself and perfectly conscious that she was the central figure in a most dramatic picture. Surrounded by a number of newspaper representatives all eager to get at her father's life history or hers, all vying her with questions relevant or not to the tragedy of the morning, all eager for something that had not been revealed, she sat the calmest among them. She spoke only after mature deliberation in most excellent English.

"My father," she said, "was born in Alsace-Lorraine about fifty-four years ago. He was in the Franco-Prussian War. I know that I've heard him say it. He was a lieutenant. He had always had plenty of money and we had always been happy. The young girl paused here, but her voice did not break. From the beginning to the end she gave no sign whatever of any emotion stronger than one of indignation at the false stories circulated exaggerating their poverty.

"My father gambled. Yes, that's true, Rene," she explained, turning to her sturdy little brother, who sat silent through it all, watching her with an astonishing amount of respect and awe. "But that's what was the matter. He was always cheerful and kind with us, but I could see something was wrong." Here the young girl broke off suddenly.

"It's nobody's business what happened between us," she said. "It's enough to know that he didn't kill himself as soon as he had intended."

CLEANING UP PRECINCTS.

Two Captains Make Arrests on Charges of Keeping Disorderly Houses. One Opium Joint Raided.

When Captain Schmittberger went away on his vacation he called Acting-Captain House's attention to two places in the West Forty-seventh Street Precinct, suggesting that he raid them.

He did raid them yesterday. One was at No. 300 West Forty-third street. A Mr. Scheffer, of that address, had complained that a woman kept an opium joint there. Detective Sweet took open her door yesterday and found two men "biting the pipe." The woman screamed and ran down the fire escape, at the foot of which a policeman caught her. She gave her name as Laura Storrs. The men were John Holmes, of No. 304 West Seventeenth street, and Mike Stevens, of No. 300 West Forty-third street. A complete outfit, with expensive pipes and several cans of opium, was found in the flat.

Then the detectives went to No. 236 West Forty-third street, where Miss Marie Marteau lives. Miss Marteau was arrested by Detective Manchester a few days ago and charged with soliciting him in the street. She convinced Magistrate Hedges that she could not speak a word of English and hence could not have solicited Manchester. She was discharged and Manchester was reprimanded.

It was to arrest her that the police called. She refused to open the door. Detective Sweet broke it in and she smashed a beer bottle over his head. Then she belabored him with a strap having a heavy buckle. His companions rescued him and carried him to the hospital. She was taken into custody on a charge of keeping a disorderly house.

Medicine Creek Has Many Pearls. Chillicothe, Mo., Sept. 14.—Medicine Creek, a small stream whose source is in Iowa, and which runs through the eastern part of this county, is found to abound in pearls. Two Iowa men, who have been following the creek for a week, reached yesterday. Each had a pocketful of pearls found in mussel shells.

BULL FIGHTS PREFERABLE.

Bishop Ludden, of the Syracuse Diocese, Says That Prize Combats Between Men Are a Disgrace.

Syracuse, Sept. 14.—Syracuse is still wrestling with the question, why did Police Inspector O'Brien stop the Ryan-McCoy fight? Mayor McGuire has taken it up and will undertake to find out through an investigation which he has ordered the Police Commissioners to make and which began last night. He has summoned about all the people who are likely to know anything about it, including those who have made the charges that O'Brien did it in the interests of Ryan's backers, those who claim that he did it to save the money that was bet on McCoy, and those who say that it was done to produce an effect on the approaching charter election.

The Right Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, bishop of the diocese of Syracuse, in the cathedral Sunday, turned his attention to the matter. He declared that the fight was a disgrace to the city, that it was the intention to have a knockout fight and there was no reason to try to conceal its true nature under the name of an athletic contest. Inspector O'Brien was to be commended for stopping it. It would be far better to produce a fight between two prize fighters, because it is less degrading to fight animals than men.

The Bishop censured the athletic association which introduced and promoted such exhibitions, and said the fact that the civic authorities are all astir because the Inspector did his duty indicates that the city is worse than the authorities' instead of the Inspector.

SIR KNIGHTS ON PARADE. Jamestown in Holiday Attire in Honor of the Grand Commandery of the State.

Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 14.—The eighty-fourth annual convocation of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of the State of New York, opened this morning with a large attendance, notwithstanding a number of commanderies had not arrived. The city is in holiday attire. The principal streets are a mass of decorations. The feature of the day is the parade, which takes place at 3 o'clock.

MISSING HEBREW LINK.

Deaf and Dumb Negro in New Haven, Who Is Trying to Return to His Tribe in Africa.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 14.—New Haven has had a strange visitor, who has just gone to Hartford. He is a negro, and is not only deaf and dumb, but is proleptic in the language of Lascien Khashid to the extent that he writes and reads it as fluently as English. As this is the language in which the early Moslem books of the Bible were written, and is little understood by the Hebrews, it seems to bear out the African's claim that he not only belongs to the Hebrew race, but he says further that he comes from an African tribe of twenty thousand people that read and speak that language. He is trying to secure funds here to take him back to Africa.

The fellow has been tested in every way and is believed to be a genuine African negro and a Hebrew, but no Hebrew in this part of the country knows of and has never heard of such a tribe of Hebrews in Africa. Whether the negro is the remnant of a lost link of the Hebrew race is a problem now puzzling Hebrew scholars. The young man claims to be the son of a rabbi.

REND GIVES THE LIE.

He Applies the Epithet to Captain Steytler, the Coal Operator, and Follows It with a Blow.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 14.—Colonel W. P. Rend, the millionaire operator of Chicago, and Captain J. J. Steytler, of Pittsburg, were the principals in a highly sensational scene in the lobby of the Monograph House this afternoon. The place was crowded with coal operators eager to start their mines.

Captain Steytler was indisposed, and the latter said was untrue. Steytler asked if the Colonel meant that he was a liar, and received a reply in the affirmative. Steytler then struck at Colonel Rend, who had shaken hands with Captain Steytler. Friends stepped between the two men, both of whom apologized. Colonel Rend deeply deplored the occurrence, after he had shaken hands with Captain Steytler.

WANTS \$65,000 FOR HIS WIFE'S LOVE.

Wealthy Peter Van Schaack, of Chicago, Sued by Son's Wife.

A WINDY CITY ROMANCE.

Plaintiff Is a Relative of Potter Palmer, Chicago's Society Millionaire.

DIVORCE SUIT INVOLVED.

The Fair Mrs. Van Schaack Will Name as Co-respondent a Woman of Royal Blood, Residing Now in Canada.

Peter Van Schaack, head of the house of Peter Van Schaack & Co., wholesale druggists, at No. 138 and 140 Lake street, Chicago, figures as defendant in a suit instituted yesterday by Florence Palmer Van Schaack, of Bath Beach, through her attorney, Felix McCluskey. Mrs. Schaack desires \$65,000 damages from Peter Van Schaack for the alienation of the affections of her husband, John C. Van Schaack, who is at present a salesman in the druggists' supply house of E. B. Estes, at No. 45 John street. In addition to this suit, Mrs. Van Schaack will soon file an action for divorce against her husband on statutory grounds. As co-respondent she names one of the most prominent society women in Canada, a woman in whose veins flows royal blood.

John Van Schaack is the son of Peter Van Schaack, president of the Holland Society of Chicago, and the suit is the culmination of a Chicago romance involving prominent families in the Windy City. Mrs. Van Schaack was Florence Palmer of Florida, a beautiful girl, prominent in Chicago society circles, her position being strengthened by her connection with Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire. In March, 1888, the young people were married, much against the wishes of Peter Van Schaack and the entire Van Schaack family. At the time of the wedding the groom was engaged to another woman, the choice of his father and his brothers to force a separation.

Tricked to Part Man and Wife. Immediately after the marriage the elder Van Schaack, according to the allegations made by Mrs. Van Schaack in her suit, attempted to make his son desert her. Young Van Schaack resisted the efforts of his father and his brothers to force a separation.

In 1890, shortly after the birth of their first child, Calvin, young Van Schaack decided to leave his father's house and take a position with a drug house and installed his wife and child at No. 3 East Forty-seventh street. A short time later he lost his position and became poverty stricken. Mrs. Van Schaack, who possesses dramatic ability, announced her intention of going on a tour of the purpose of supporting her husband and baby.

Through the influence of friends she was introduced to a certain Colonel Rend, a noble, who employed her to take a part in his production of "The Phoenix." During her stage career her husband had secured a modest position with a theatrical agent, Broadway druggist, and was getting a good salary. She was prevailed upon to leave her husband and her child and couple set up an establishment in West Fifty-sixth street. In the meantime, another child had been born, and the care of the two children and her stage work, broke down Mrs. Van Schaack's health. She was sent to Europe by her family, and she did not see her husband and remained away on the Continent for fifteen months.

Father Urged a Divorce. On her return to this city she found in her husband's possession a letter from his father urging him to secure a divorce. Peter Van Schaack, his brother, he had convinced that there had been previous correspondence on the subject, and this convinced him that he could not overcome it. He was urged to divorce his wife, and she was urged to divorce her husband. The outcome of the matter was a separation, the husband returning to Chicago and lodging at the home of his father, No. 37 Twenty-second street.

The wife remained in New York and did not see her husband for a long time. She has no recollection of her Florida case, and her recollections are well-to-do, and she has spent the Summer at Bath Beach with her children. She has not seen her husband since June 5 last, and all her importunities to him to return to her have been repulsed, she asserts, in her papers. The oldest child, Calvin, is at Lawrence School in Wakefield, N. Y. A week ago last Monday Mrs. Van Schaack claims that she was told by her husband that he was going to take her to Europe. She was told to take measures to protect him, pending the action for divorce.

BEATEN BY STRANGE MEN.

Mysterious Assault on Three Members of a Family by a Negro and His White Companion.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 14.—At 9 o'clock last night a negro and a white man drove up to the residence of Eugene M. Mitchell, a well known citizen at No. 383 Pryor street, rang the bell and asked Mr. Mitchell's sister, who came to the door, if her brother was at home. She said he had retired, but the white man said that the business was important and that a Mr. Smith wanted to see him.

Impressed by the request, Mrs. Mitchell aroused her brother, and he went to the door. In the mean time the "Mr. Smith" had led his horse to a side street. When Mr. Mitchell walked around the corner of the house he was struck in the face with a pair of brass knuckles and knocked down. He was then taken into the house and held there for some time. The "Mr. Smith" then rushed out. She was knocked down by the negro, who had left the buggy to aid his white companion. Mrs. Mitchell's screams brought out the aged mother of the two victims, and she was in turn knocked down. Neighbors found the young man beating the young man, who is now in the hospital. There is a mystery surrounding the affair. Both ladies were hurt. The men escaped in the buggy.

WANT TRIAL AT ONCE.

General Reeder and His Co-Defendants in the Wanamaker Case Are Ready to Proceed.

Easton, Pa., Sept. 14.—It is a question whether the case of General Frank Reeder, late Secretary of the Commonwealth; Askenbryn Webster C. Wells and M. C. Leckbach, of Bethlehem, who are charged with conspiracy to bribe John Wanamaker, will be tried at this week's term of court, for which bail was given. Squire Koch, of Pen Argyl, has not yet returned the case to the District Attorney, though he knows its importance, and the desire of General Reeder and his co-defendants for immediate trial. Congressman Kirkpatrick and Messrs. Fox and Stewart, counsel for the defense, to-day gave notice to the opposition counsel that they desired the case to be tried at once.

And the World Still Revolves. Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 14.—The Rev. W. H. Lannin, the "Tom" Dixon of Connecticut, preached that the world was coming to an end. The failure of his prognostications to materialize resulted to-day in the abrupt ending of his pastorate.

WALL STREET IS RUN.



George M. Judd.

He is the lawyer and clubman who disappeared more than a month ago, after having embezzled \$15,000 from the Title Guarantee & Trust Company, by whom he was employed. Yesterday morning he went to the company's office and surrendered himself.

Judd Stole Money from the Guarantee, Title and Trust Company to Speculate--Tried to Win Back Losings.

George M. Judd, a pleasant young fellow, with a stubby brown moustache, a round, rosy face, clean, well-groomed, and wearing gold-rimmed eyeglasses, was arrested yesterday, shortly before noon, by Detective Sergeant McNaught, at Broadway and Cortlandt street, charged with embezzlement. He is accused by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, of No. 148 Broadway, of stealing \$13,000, though the warrant upon which he was apprehended specifies the embezzlement of only \$908. Judd admits his guilt, and says he was the victim of a passion to get something for nothing.

The embezzler says he is thirty-four years old, but he looks younger. He is a lawyer, well grounded in all the text books, and for a number of years he had charge of the law department of the concern he victimized. His family is one of prominence in New Jersey, and he feels the keenest anxiety lest his parents hear of his disgrace. In fact, this seems about the faintest measure of his worry over his plight. The story of Judd is the story of many a young man who has gone wrong on lower Broadway because of his surroundings. Judd received a large salary—large enough to enable him to keep up an expensive establishment in the Cumberland apartment house, at Twenty-second street and Fifth avenue, and to have plenty of money to spend besides. He was not dissolute, he was almost invaluable to his employers in his position, and he enjoyed the respect and confidence of his superiors to the fullest extent.

Humdrum Life Chafed. After business hours every day there are many resorts in the business district—off Wall street, Exchange place, Broad street, Nassau street and other thoroughfares—in which brokers congregate to drink and smoke and eat and talk of their winnings and losings of the day. These brokers are prone to lay stress on their winnings and to slight their losings, and Judd, who became acquainted with many of them, chafed at his humdrum position, under the influence of tales of fortunes made in a minute on the fluctuations of the stock market.

It was about a year ago that Judd took his first "dive" in stocks, through the offices of a friendly broker. Of course he won at first, but he could not afford to win all ways wins. He invested his winnings and lost. He followed with his savings and lost, and then he quit. He has a square, positive chin and thought he had enough.

Had Judd, at the same time he quit playing the stock market quit frequenting the resorts of brokers, the chances are that this story would not have been written. But he made no effort to avoid his old associates, and suddenly he knew that he was in a bad way. He had made an investment in a "good thing"—something that was to recoup him for all his previous losses and put him on the road to fortune. The "good thing" went through, and he was enabled to replace in the funds of the company the

\$1,000 he had abstracted to play it. He had a big bank account and he spent his spare hours trying to increase it.

It was only a short time until he had occasion to use the money of his employers again. This time it came easy. He handled many collections, was an expert bookkeeper and took money as he willed. But he never had another chance to put any back. When he was \$5,000 short in his accounts his conscience prompted him to confess all to his employers, promise to make restitution and work the rest of his life to restore himself to a position of respect in the eyes of honest men. But one of his broker friends knew a "good thing." When he awoke to the consequences of playing the "good thing" he owed the concern nearly \$800.

From this time on it was a frantic endeavor to make up what he had stolen. Instead of making up he went in deeper and deeper. He knew detection was not far off. His accounts were hopelessly entangled, ruin stared him in the face; but he still tried to woo from the great chasm of Wall Street the money he had contributed, throwing hundreds in the depths to win back the thousands he had lost.

Victims Lament. Last June he was offered a vacation. He knew that if he left the office his default would be discovered. By a system of transferring credits to accounts he had flung the books so that it would take close scrutiny to discover any embezzlement. He was not dissatisfied with the vacation, but he did not come back. One day in July a customer entered the office and spoke to Treasurer Edward Stanley about a receipt he had received from Judd for money paid. Judd had carelessly neglected to fill out an important section of the receipt. Mr. Stanley, in looking up the matter, found that the customer was a well known broker, and the office was concerned and offered his services in straightening out the tangled books. He had a long talk with his former employers, turned over to them some money he had raised and worked faithfully to unravel the skein of deceit he had woven in falsifying his accounts, when he entered the office and expressed his willingness to be arrested. Detective McNaught, who had been shadowing him, stepped in, and the name of George M. Judd was on the police calendar for the first time.

Judd was arraigned yesterday afternoon before Magistrate Wentworth, in the Central Street Police Court. His bond was fixed at \$1,000, and was furnished by friends. The people from whom he embezzled were called into the court, and Judd hopes to get off easy if he can interest some relatives in the repayment of their money. He has even offered to intend to plead guilty and take his chances.

speech, in which he is alleged to have asserted that the Republicans are doomed to certain defeat in the coming campaign in Maryland. His successor will be elected to-morrow, after the meeting of the State convention, which was adjourned from Ocean City, and which will take place here at noon. There is but little doubt that Phillips L. George will be elected to the position of Comptroller, and General Allan Rutherford for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. The only State offices to be filled at the coming election.

Plunged Over the Falls. Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 14.—O. C. Shlager, of Independence, Mo., claims to have seen the body of a man go over the falls early this morning. Nothing has been seen of the body since.

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

Man Who Was Charged with Complicity in a Murder Proves His Innocence.

Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 14.—James Adams, who has been charged with murder since August 8, 1896, was to-day taken before Magistrate Hallbach and discharged from custody.

On August 1, 1896, D. F. Jordan, of East Nottingham Township, Chester County, went before a magistrate and made a confession in which he said that he and Adams had killed Mrs. Granville Richards, in Rising Sun, Md., in 1891, and that they were assisted in committing the crime by John Richards, who was one of the most brutal murders ever committed in Maryland, and suspicion pointed to Jordan at once, but the authorities could not secure sufficient evidence for his conviction until he confessed the crime. Adams proved a complete alibi. His sentence of a year, for larceny, expired to-day and he was at once discharged. Gawn is still at large.

WELLINGTON STEPS OUT.

Leader of the Maryland Republicans Is Disgruntled Over Personal Defeat.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 14.—United States Senator George L. Wellington to-day resigned the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee, thus relinquishing the leadership of the party in this State, which he has held for the past three years. In resigning the chairmanship, Senator Wellington delivered a bitter

MAKES THE LAME RUN AND LEAP.

Prof. Atkinson, the Bone-setting Marvel, Works Cures in Albany.

DOCTORS ARE ASTOUNDED.

He Relieves a Little Girl of an Aggravated Case of "Knock-Knees."

TO RETURN HERE ON FRIDAY.

Surgeons Are Invited to Bring Hopeless Cases to Him, That He May Demonstrate His Marvellous Skill.

Professor John Atkinson, the bone-setter miracle worker, who, as exclusively told in yesterday's Journal, has come to this country from England to treat several millionaires who are suffering from injuries of the character that he so successfully cures, will return to this city on Friday from Albany. He will stay at No. 18 West Thirty-third street, where his secretary, Mr. Ernest Barwood, is awaiting him. While in Albany, two cases were brought to him, and in both he strikingly demonstrated the merit of his manipulative system. He uses neither medicines nor surgical instruments; his cures are effected by his hands alone; and with these hands, which are of wonderful strength, combined with delicacy of touch, he cures sprains, dislocations, broken bones and similar injuries.

The first of the Albany cases was that of Louis Myers, of No. 207 Third street, a muscular fellow, who, fourteen years ago sustained a serious injury to his knee while wrestling, and who, after three months in bed, could only walk with a bad limp. Another accident came to the same knee, and he went to bed again for eighteen months. After this, he still walked very lamely, could not kneel, and could only climb a stairway by holding his leg very stiffly. Any jump, or sudden movement would cause him excruciating pain. Accompanied by Drs. Nellis and Newman, physicians of high standing, who knew Professor Atkinson's reputation, Myers went to Atkinson and begged him to help him. Myers was stripped and Professor Atkinson caught hold of the crippled leg. The doctors looked on in wonder as the Professor's strong, supple fingers pulled the leg to and fro several times, and then pressed with his immovable strong fingers on the knee cap. "Get up and walk!" said Professor Atkinson.

Myers sprang up, with not a trace of lameness. He was then asked to go to the room, shouting in joy and astonishment. "Jump over that catchall!" said the professor.

"I can't," said Myers, in amazement; but on a repetition of the command, he lightly and easily leaped over it. The doctors had before the beginning of the experiment confessed their inability to help Myers looked on astounded.

"Run up the street and up those stairs on the other side!" said the professor, and with a cry of incredulous hapiness Myers sprang across the street and leaped lightly up the stairs.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

A New Remedy Which Will Do It.

Chronic dyspepsia is considered by many people to be nearly if not quite incurable. No good reason can be given why they think so, for perhaps they have tried various remedies without much, if any, benefit. But the progress in every branch of medicine has been such that among other things a lasting cure for indigestion in its chronic form as well as temporary has been discovered. The places before the public strictly on their merits as a permanent cure for all stomach troubles or difficulties with the digestive organs.

This new treatment is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, being put up in tablet form so as to be easily taken and to preserve its good qualities for an indefinite length of time.

This remedy has produced surprising effects in the worst forms of indigestion, and in many cases where ordinary remedies failed to give even relief Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have fully cured.

The splendid results from using this preparation are owing to the fact that it is prepared and intended for dyspepsia and stomach troubles only. It is not a cure-all, like so many advertised remedies, claiming to cure everything under the sun, but it is claimed that it is a certain cure for Dyspepsia, and any one suffering from any form of indigestion cannot fail to get permanent relief and cure from its use.

It is so prepared and the ingredients are of such a nature that when the tablets are taken into the stomach they digest the food no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. You get sustenance and strength to mind and body by reason of the food being properly digested and at the same time the much abused stomach is allowed to rest and recuperate.

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